

Good Morning

94

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

B.E.M.



GEORGE BAXTER

A GREAT TEST CAPTAIN

OF all the great cricketers who have skipped England in Test matches, W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, A. C. Maclaren, Hon. F. S. Jackson, P. F. Warner and A. P. F. Chapman, to mention a few, the greatest captain of all was the Hon. F. S. Jackson, now known as Sir Stanley Jackson.

"Jacker," as he was popularly known in those days, had played a very distinguished part in the game, first at Harrow, then at Cambridge, and then became a most redoubtable figure in the very formidable Yorkshire team. Giant though he was in all those eleven years, he always seemed to keep a little bit extra up his sleeve for Test matches. He seemed to revel in the stiffness of the task before him and inspire his side with his tremendous confidence.

It was in the 1905 series of matches against Australia that "Jacker" was given the captaincy of the English team. He proved himself to be a veritable Colossus, for he not only headed both the batting and the bowling averages of the English side, but he also won the toss in all five Test matches. What more could any good captain do? I ask you, England won two of the five Tests, the other three were drawn, and Jackson obliged with a couple of centuries. His Test batting aver-

HERE'S the kind of chap who doesn't often hit the headlines when it comes to dishing out honours. However, "the rank is but the guinea stamp," and allow us to present George Baxter, veteran of the last war and dock labourer in this shemozzle, who in the recent Honours List was awarded the British Empire Medal. For what? Well, we asked George, who lives in George Street, Leith, and he told us everything save details of the good work that brought the award. He is 56 years of age, and in the last war served in the Royal Marines Dock Division. Was amateur wrestling champion of Scotland in 1908-9 at 10st., and then in 1927 became the 11st. professional champion of Scotland at the Highland Games at Luss.

A SHORT CUT.

EVERY 22nd of June, for more years than she cares to remember, Mrs. Appelby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, caretaker of Taylor's Hall, has sat the whole day at the end of a passage leading through the ancient courtyard, to stop people taking their accustomed short cut across the town.

The courtyard and buildings belong to the Freemen, who are reputed to have won it in a battle, and the law states that unless they close the right-of-way for 24 hours each year the Government can take the property from them. They cut even the short cut!

CAPTAIN "JIMMIE" GRIF-FITHS, ex-Merchant Navy skipper and Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Wales's champion yarn spinner, made a compact with the boys of the U.S. Navy when their Welfare Club was opened in Barry's Hotel, St. Mary Street, that he would call in some evenings and swap yarns. He made a good start. A strange cloud appeared on the horizon when he was sailing south in a windjammer, he told them. "It made the day turn

age was 70.28 for 492 runs, and he took thirteen wickets for just over fifteen runs apiece! He only put himself on to bowl when batsmen seemed to be settling down for a big score, and then took himself off when he had dismissed the dangerous men. In his Test career he scored 1,412 runs, giving him an average of 48.68, and hit five centuries.

A message

from

'Ma Egerton'

You know Ma EGERTON, "Mother of the Navy," of course. Every matelot knows Ma's Eagle hotel at the back of Lime-street station, Liverpool.

In fact, entering Ma's pub is the sailor's christening equivalent to "crossing the Line" at the Equator.

When you get a spell of "leaf" it is automatically your first port of call. Well, Ma had a birthday the other day. What birthday it was nobody has yet been able to discover.

And the place was festooned with flags of the Allied Nations in celebration of the event.

And to the boys of the Submarine Service, she sent this special message: "Boys, I love you all. Come back safe, and when the victory bells ring out, we'll tear the roof off the house and how!"

Home Town News

to night," he said. "We were staggered to find that when the cloud came nearer it proved to be a huge flock of birds migrating. But the strange thing was that they swooped on the ship, and after a heck of a din, believe it or not, they ripped off every bit of canvas we were carrying, and then flew off to the South." "Say, Jimmie," put in an old Yankee sailor who was listening, "what latitude do you say that was in?" "I told him," said the Lord Mayor, recounting the story, "and he turned to those present and said, 'It's quite true, boys: I can vouch for it. The next day I was in — latitude — some degrees South. We saw a cloud approaching. It turned the day to night. When it came near we were staggered to find it was a huge flock of birds. And, boys, this is gospel, when they passed over our ship every one of those darned birds was dressed in a canvas suit!' " On his next visit Jimmie means to "cap" that one!

"THE BUZZARD."

WHEN members of the Australian and New Zealand Parliamentary Delegation were in Scotland recently they were entertained to dinner by Lord Rosebery, Regional Commissioner for Scotland. His lordship told how he had sent his racehorses to Australia. The string included one named "The Buzzard." It was given that name by his father, an historic allusion to the Bastard of Orleans. With pardonable squeamishness, the Australian authorities had renamed it "The Buzzard." He was glad to see it had kept up the reputation of the strain by siring a good few winners.

PLAIN COOKING.

TWENTY thousand Scottish girls took part in a contest of cooking oat products and potatoes. First-place winner in the senior section was 17-year-old Brenda McLean, of 201 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; and in the junior section, Eileen Clarke, Frederick Junior Secondary School, Aberdeen.

At the finals in Edinburgh, when the winners were announced, Mr. Thomas Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, remarked: "Too many girls in cookery classes are instructed in fancy cakes, icing sugar, and suchlike, and too few of them are taught how to cook a potato properly."



I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

I CAN remember Ferryman Ben Yates from school holidays, when he used to purposely splash us when taking us over the River Arun at Littlehampton.

Recently I saw him again. He hadn't changed a scrap. His old cap and toothless smile, that crackly voice and wrinkled hands were just the same a decade ago.

Yates was born in Littlehampton on March 21st, 1891, and he attended the local council school until he was 14.

School didn't suit young Ben, who is the son of a fisherman. He preferred to run barefoot on the quay and collect lost golf balls from the ditches at the local club.

When he left school he got a job at the golf club as a caddy. Later, by constant practice, he became a plus-four man.

In the last war Yates was in the R.A.S.C., and for three and a half years he served in Egypt.

When he came home he joined the Littlehampton Urban District Council, and has been ferrying passengers to and fro ever since.

He has taken the King and other members of the Royal Family over the Arun many times.

The Duke of Norfolk is one of his most frequent customers. "But business to-day," he told me, "is not too good. Why, on a normal Bank Holiday I and three other ferrymen have taken as many as 10,000 passengers a day across the Arun."

He has an amazing collection of salvage from the river, at his home. It includes articles of clothing, wooden trinkets, cushions from punts, a wooden leg, a Bible, a tiny stuffed zebra, and a radio set.

Of course, he sees many other oddments that he doesn't collect, such as dead cats, medicinal appliances and milk bottles.

A few weeks ago Yates was awarded a medal for saving the life of a four-year-old child who had fallen off the quay.

The medal added to another collection.

He already has seven decorations for similar acts.



FERRYMAN YATES

I SUPPOSE, for all his clumsy tread, slow-waving trunk, and armour-plated hide, that an elephant is comparatively as delicate as any other animal. In fact, a zoological friend tells me that the elephant is particularly susceptible to colds, an easy victim of pneumonia.

This comes back to my mind at a time when I have just learned that the great, elephantine, rumbling, house-crushing tank, the many-ton implement of warfare, has 17,000 mechanical parts, and that extreme delicacy and mechanical accuracy is necessary in its construction. Somehow or other, you'd think that the tank was rather more rugged, but it isn't.

"LOW flying is a deplorable practice and the height of bad manners."—Lord Bruntisfield.

A VERY young C.P.O., very insistent that he must have immediate leave, was asked the reason by his commanding officer.

"My wife is expecting a baby," he replied.

"Listen, young man. Remember this—you are only necessary at the laying of the keel. For the launching you are entirely superfluous."

ON the recommendation of C.P.O. Tommy Holmes, I looked in at the Town Vaults, Devonport.

It was just as I always imagined it would be, and Breda Davis, resplendent in her silken raiment, was beautiful as ever.

To all submariners, and to crews of "Tigris" and L26 in particular, she sends her sincerest wishes.

THE best of a collection of new records I heard recently might have some appeal for you.

Rawicz and Landauer play Prince Igor Dances on Columbia, and John McHugh, tenor, sings "Passing By," also on Columbia.

In lighter vein, Ambrose plays and Anne Shelton sings "Darling," and Anne Shelton sings "You, too, can have a lovely romance" and "A fine how do you do," from her latest film, both records on Decca.

Billy Cotton plays "I'm going to get lit up" for Rex, and Coleman Hawkins and Orchestra play "Body and Soul" in true American style on H.M.V.

WHEN I enquired at the B.B.C. as to why the commissionaires no longer demanded passes from strangers at the door, I was told:

"Well, we don't keep a man standing at the door now because it is so cold. Last winter three died."

That's as good a reason as any, I suppose.

ROOK GOES ON PATROL

HERE'S a story (and picture) of a rook that has met a railway surfaceman, John Blackwood, of Galashiels, and accompanied him on his patrol every day for the past eight years. Somebody said that the bird was on time at every meeting, but they forgot about daylight-saving hours. You never can tell so far as rooks are concerned, for many people, especially farmers, say they are the very devil. We wouldn't know, but any time you are ashore, and feel like the farmers, and catch your bird, here's what to do with it.

To make rook pie: Allow one rook for each person. Skin without plucking by cutting skin near the thighs and then drawing it over the head. Remove necks and backs and split down the breast. Arrange in deep dish. To season, add diced carrot and turnip, about

half a pint of stock (not rum), and cover with puff pastry. Bake in a hot oven for 1½ to 2 hours. A little onion added with the other vegetables is an improvement, and, if you can get it, a little steak. Seems to us, if you have steak, to hell with the bird—that and chips is much easier to cook and equally appetising.



Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after OR, and make a name.
2. Mix the letters of COURT and GLEES to make a town.
3. Change SONG into TUNE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: FAIR into DARK, SPAM into MEAT, SEW into HEM.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word TREASURE?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 55

1. INGATHERING.
2. LETTUCE, RHUBARB, CELERY, ANGELICA, RADISH.
3. RAIN, RAIL, MAIL, MARL, MARE, MANE, MINE, FINE, REEL, FEEL, FELL, FILL, FILE, FIRE, WIRE.
- ROSE, RODE, LODE, LONE, LINE, LINK, PINK, MINE, MIRE, HIRE, HERE, HERS.
4. Chit, Tins, Tine, Then, Cent, Sent, Hint, Thin, This, Cite, City, They, Shin, Chin, Nets, Nice, Nest, etc.
- Chine, Thine, Shent, Chest, Shine, Niche, Chins, Tines, Ethic, etc.

This Scotland and These Scots

THAT knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur.

—Sydney Smith.

QUIZ for today

1. What is a Woolly Bear?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Pleasures of Hope," (b) "The Pleasures of Memory"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Barouche, Perambulator, Brougham, Sedan Chair, Chariot, Car, Sulky?
4. When does a Cardinal wear his red hat?
5. What is the coldest region in the world?
6. What is "Crockford's"?
7. How many balls are needed to play a game of snooker?
8. What is a chinkapin tree?
9. Who was Mahbub Ali?
10. Which is bigger: (a) penny or half-crown; (b) shilling or halfpenny; (c) sixpence or farthing?
11. Who won the Battle of Bannockburn, and when?
12. What is a colophon?

Answers to Quiz in No. 93

1. A West Indian lizard.
2. (a) Bulwer Lytton, (b) Tom Hood.
3. Dominoes; the others are card games.
4. An old-fashioned, four-wheeled, covered carriage.
5. At Blarney, a village near Cork.
6. A small three-legged table.
7. One of the same age; a contemporary.
8. Oral means "by mouth"; and aural means "by ear."
9. A character in Gay's "The Beggar's Opera."
10. The disc with which ice hockey is played.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

THIS consisted in having the right hand and the left foot most elaborately tattooed; while the rest of the body was wholly free from the operation of the art, with the exception of the minutely dotted lips and slight marks on the shoulders, to which I have previously referred as comprising the sole tattooing exhibited by Faya-way, in common with other young girls of her age.

The hand and foot thus embellished were, according to Kory-Kory, the distinguishing badge of wedlock, so far as that social and highly commendable institution is known among these people. It answers, indeed, the same purpose as the plain gold ring worn by our fairer spouses.

A further insight, however, into the peculiar domestic customs of the inmates of the valley did away in a measure with the severity of my scruples, and convinced me that I was deceived in some at least of my conclusions. A regular system of polygamy exists among the islanders, but of a most extraordinary nature!—a plurality of husbands, instead of wives; and this solitary fact speaks volumes for the gentle disposition of the male population.

I was not able to learn what

tence among them, the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply seems to be but indifferently attended to. I never saw any of those large families, in arithmetical or step-ladder progression, which one often meets with at home. I never knew of more than two youngsters living together in the same home, and but seldom even that number. As for the women, it was very plain that the anxieties

Who is it?

He is Mayor of a small seaside town, runs a munitions factory, a canteen, and various other swindles. One of his colleagues is a very bad shot with a machine-gun. Two others are Cecil and Claude. He has a charwoman who brings him a present every week, and a friend, a retired army officer, who doesn't mind if he does have a drink. Another of his staff is engaged in deep-sea investigations, and begs that he will not be forgotten. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

of the nursery but seldom disturbed the serenity of their souls; and they were never seen going about the valley with half a score of little ones tagging at their apron-strings, or rather at the bread-fruit leaf they usually wore in the rear.

I have before had occasion to remark that I never saw any of the ordinary signs of a place of sepulture in the valley, a circumstance which I attributed, at the time, to my living in a particular part of it, and being forbidden to extend my ramble to any considerable distance towards the sea.

I have since thought it probable, however, that the Typees, either desirous of removing from their sight the evidences of mortality, or prompted by a taste for rural beauty, may have some charming cemetery situated in the shadowy recesses along the base of the mountains.

At Nukuheva, two or three large quadrangular "pi-pis," heavily flagged, enclosed with regular stone walls, and shaded over and almost hidden from view by the interlacing branches of enormous trees, were pointed out to me as burial-places. The bodies, I understood, were deposited in

rude vaults beneath the flagging, and were suffered to remain there without being disinterred. Although nothing could be more strange and gloomy than the aspect of these places, where the lofty trees threw their dark shadows over rude blocks of stone, a stranger looking at them would have discerned none of the ordinary evidences of a place of sepulture.

During my stay in the valley, none of its inmates were so accommodating as to die and be buried in order to gratify my curiosity with regard to their funeral rites. As I have reason to believe, however, that the observances of the Typees in these matters are the same with those of all the other tribes on the island, I will here relate a scene I chanced to witness at Nukuheva.

A young man had died, about daybreak, in a house near the beach. I had been sent ashore that morning, and saw a good deal of the preparations they were making for his obsequies. The body, neatly wrapped in new white tappa, was laid out in an open shed of cocoa-nut boughs, upon a bier constructed of elastic bamboos ingeniously twisted together.

This was supported, about two feet from the ground, by large canes planted uprightly in the earth. Two females, of a dejected appearance, watched by its side, plaintively chanting, and beating the air with large grass fans whitened with pipe-clay. In the dwelling-house adjoining a numerous company were assembled, and various articles of food were being prepared for consumption.

Two or three individuals, distinguished by head-dresses of beautiful tappa, and wearing a great number of ornaments, appeared to officiate as masters of the ceremonies. By noon the enter-

FLIGHT TO AMERICA



This, believe it or not, represents three words, which, when found, will complete the following sentence:—

A FLIGHT TO AMERICA IN WARTIME WOULD BE ...

JANE



ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



CONSTANTINOPLE TALKS IT OVER.

Near the Golden Bosphorus one steps into the ancient world as it has lived for centuries. The shop-keepers do not believe in plate-glass windows to show their wares. Customers can see and handle the goods—and then the bargaining starts. Here is a typical picture of two aged Jews, who have seen the changes in Turkey take place recently, discussing the present situation and its possible effect on their method of living. The grandfather, with the patriarchal white beard, on the right is the trader—a haberdasher; and the conversation is being carried on in Arabic, so you maybe wouldn't understand it anyway, even if you heard it. But our cameraman was told that was what they were discussing.

tainment had fairly begun, and we were told that it would last during the whole of the two following days.

With the exception of those who mourned by the corpse, every one seemed disposed to drown the sense of the late bereavement in convivial indulgence. The girls, decked out in their savage finery, danced; the old men chanted; the warriors smoked and chatted; and the young and lusty, of both sexes, feasted plentifully, and seemed to enjoy themselves as pleasantly as they could have done had it been a wedding.

The islanders understand the art of embalming, and practise it with such success, that the bodies of their great chiefs are frequently preserved for many years in the very houses where they died. I saw three of these in my visit to the bay of Tior. One was enveloped in immense folds of tappa, with only the face exposed, and hung erect against the side of the dwelling.

The others were stretched out upon biers of bamboo, in open, elevated temples, which seemed consecrated to their memory. The heads of enemies killed in battle are invariably preserved, and hung

Continued on Page 3.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first is in CUNNINGHAM, not in DRAKE.
My second's in JELLICOE, also BLAKE.
My third is in WHALEBONE, but not WHALER.
My fourth is in ADMIRAL, likewise SAILOR.
My fifth is in TUBING, not in PIPES.
My sixth is in CHEVRONS and in STRIPES.
My next is in PRIVATE, not BOMBARDIER.
My eighth is in TROOPER, not GRENADIER.
My ninth is in DOG-WATCH, so not in CAT-NAP.
My tenth is in POLICEMAN, but not in RED-CAP.

(Answer on Page 3)

MIXED DOUBLES

The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

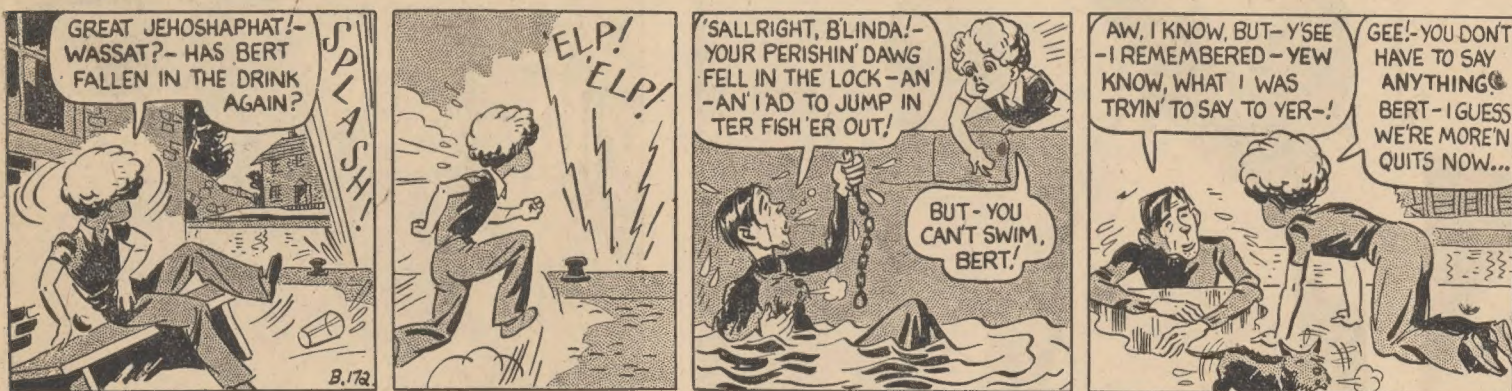
- (a) MADE 'EM TIDY AS NOW.
(b) MADE IN GATHERS.

(Answers on Page 3)

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

PROSPERITY.
WORLD prosperity ultimately depends on every country producing what it can best produce, whether from the fields or from the factory, and buying freely from each other. It will certainly not be attained by each industry claiming a special right to do things that others can do better and more cheaply.

Guy Naylor.

A NATIONAL DISEASE.

THERE is one noticeable way public intelligence seems to have advanced since the war. We all know that (whatever A. P. Herbert says) wishful thinking had become more than a healthy relief; it had become a national disease, enabling us to avoid urgent realities. Wishful thinking and over-optimism have steadily declined since 1940.

Tom Harrison (Founder of Mass Observation).

THE MOVIES.

THE technical inventions (of the film industry) ran ahead of its mind years ago. To be precise, about fifteen years ago, when the invention of the talking film began to be commercially exploited. A few lone producers occasionally succeed now in catching up to their technique, but you do not need to be the financier, like Mr. Arthur Rank, to utter the despairing cry about most films: If only less money and more mind had been spent.

Nicholas Davenport.

THE SMALL TOWN.

THE small town gives easier access to the verdant scene, fresher vegetables, air, sun, and exercise—together with the curse of scandal-mongering, domestic spying, and interference, which inspired the old saying: "God made the country, man the town, but the Devil made the little country town."

Lieut.-Col. Mervyn O'Gorman.

THE EMPIRE.

IT is now becoming unfashionable to speak ill of the British Empire. It should be made an offence for people to traduce their own country. The time has come when pride should take the place of the apologetic frame of mind. We should be happy and proud of the fact that we have not failed as trustees for mankind to discharge the great and onerous duties that have fallen upon us as a people.

Lord Bennett.

DEMOCRACY.

CHRISTIANITY has now become for millions of people in the world nothing more than an ordinary and accepted incident of society easily adapted to any political or social condition in the world. We can say almost the same of democracy. We have become so inured to the idea of democracy that we are no longer conscious of its true implications.

Sir Stafford Cripps.

HOUSECRAFT.

IT may well be that, in the post-war era, a scheme will be devised for boys to undertake some form of military training in their late teens. Why should not a similar scheme be devised to enable all girls to receive housecraft training at that age?

A. P. Ramage (Norwich).

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

up as trophies in the house of the conqueror. I am not acquainted with the process which is in use, but believe that fumigation is the principal agency employed. All the remains which I saw presented the appearance of a ham

ODD CORNER

IN 1807 there lived in the New Forest the famous sporting pig, Slut. Slut was trained as a pointer and retriever, and her nose was said to be better than that of any dog. She "stood" partridges, black game, pheasants, snipe and rabbits all in the same day, but was never known to point a hare. She was also put between the shafts, and proved to be an excellent draught beast, easily driven and very strong.

Pharis II, a horse which won the Derby and the Grand Prix, and which was

valued at £50,000 before the war, had horns. On the forehead, immediately above the eyes, he had—and still has—two distinct horns, each about half an inch long.

A lamb with five legs was born at Chew Stoke, near Bristol, in 1936. The extra leg had three toes, and was attached to the right shoulder, but though the lamb could not make use of it, it did not inconvenience him. In 1937 a lamb was born at Nazing, Essex, with five legs and six feet!

In Hamburg, in 1936, a calf was born with five legs. The left hind-leg divided into two at the knee, and each half was complete with hoofs. Sheffield once boasted a cat with wings, but these turned out to be two extra legs attached to the shoulder-blade.

after being suspended for some time in a smoky chimney.

There seemed to be no rogues of any kind in Typee. In the darkest nights the natives slept securely, with all their worldly wealth around them, in houses the doors of which were never fastened. The disquieting ideas of theft or assassination never disturbed them. Each islander reposed beneath his own palmetto-thatching, or sat under his own bread-fruit tree, with none to molest or alarm him.

There was not a padlock in the valley, nor anything that answered the purpose of one; still there was no community of goods. This long spear, so elegantly carved and highly polished, belongs to Warmoonoo—it is far handsomer than the one which old Marheyo so greatly prizes—it is the most valuable article belonging to its owner. And yet I have seen it leaning against a cocoa-nut tree in the grove, and there it was found when sought for.

Here is a sperm-whale tooth, graven all over with cunning devices—it is the property of Karluna. It is the most precious of the damsel's ornaments. In her estimation, its price is far

above rubies; and yet she hangs the dental jewel, by its cord of braided bark, in the girl's house, which is far back in the valley; the door is left open, and all the inmates have gone off to bathe in the stream.

One day, in returning with Kory-Kory from my accustomed visit to the Ti, we passed by a little opening in the grove; on one side of which, my attendant informed me, was that afternoon to be built a dwelling of bamboo. At least a hundred of the natives were bringing materials to the ground, some carrying in their hands one or two of the canes which were to form the sides others slender rods of the Habiscus strung with palmetto leaves for the roof.

(Continued to-morrow)

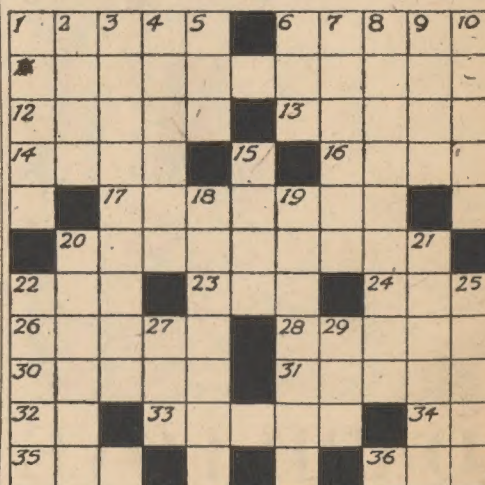
Answer to Who Is It?
TOMMY HANDLEY

Solution to Allied Ports.
GEORGETOWN.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

(a) MAIDSTONE & MEDWAY.
(b) READING & THAMES.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Earliest.
- 6 Timber joint.
- 11 Training.
- 12 Fruit.
- 13 Mother-o'-pearl.
- 14 Den.
- 16 Stockton's river.
- 17 Nullifies.
- 20 Small parrots.
- 22 Are permitted to.
- 23 Meadow.
- 24 Tear forcibly.
- 26 Up to.
- 28 Girl's name.
- 30 Male voice.
- 31 Grasps.
- 32 Morning.
- 33 Vocal piece.
- 34 Close to.
- 35 Pile.
- 36 Distorted.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

G FRAMEWORK
LILAC GIVE
ATONES LAPP
DIN TATTLE
ENGAGED EYE
E HERON P
CREAMER ARE
RAM ONAGER
UNITES NABS
STRATE METE
H SPEEDWELL

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Strikes down.
- 2 Notion.
- 3 Goats and oxen.
- 4 One who counts runs.
- 5 Bronze.
- 6 Transgress.
- 7 Outer garment.
- 8 Of forefathers.
- 9 Uncommon.
- 10 Animal tissue.
- 15 Fish.
- 18 Narrow close braid.
- 19 Master.
- 20 Hat.
- 21 Eastern leader.
- 22 Of an American Republic.
- 25 Pale.
- 27 Doctrine.
- 29 Large number.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SHE DANCES TOO

With such loveliness film success should be assured; but Marjorie Reynolds, Paramount star, takes no chances. Did you notice her footwork with Fred Astaire in "Holiday Inn"? Keep a sharp look-out—she's appearing in "Dixie" with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour.



CUPBOARD LOVE

"You may think that I've fallen for this rabbit . . . I HAVE—but only—well—because I like rabbit-pie. That's all."

"Yes, Madam. What you are getting now is the very latest in coiffures. Hasn't made its public appearance yet, Madam. You are the very first. Well, of course, no doubt they will all want it later—but you have always been one of my special clients."



"Yo shu am gonna look smart when yo husband come back, honey. Why e'en them kittens am lookin' all 'mazed jike. I'se sure glad ah took a correspondence course in hairdressin'. Keep off movin'. I'se just a-finishin'—won't be mor'n two 'ours."

This England

Stopham Bridge, near Pulborough. This delightful old bridge which crosses the river Arun in Sussex is to be preserved by the nation. Beauty like this must never be allowed to crumble. It is symbolic of grandeur and solidarity.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

